BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following books submitted for review are hereby acknowledged and reviews will appear in a subsequent edition:

A STRANGE RECORD, by Mount Houmas. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.

The story of a woman masquerading as a man is the strange record of the life of Dr. Ethel Leon, which is set forth by Mount Houmas in his novel. The author declares that the main incidents of his tale are founded upon facts, and the narrative is not so startling as to preclude a belief in its adaptation from reality. Dr. Leon is a woman physician, who endeavors to build up a practice in the city of New Orleans at a period, presumably, when the profession of medicine was just being adopted by the weaker sex. Failing, after many years of struggle, to establish herself successfully, Dr. Leon, by a series of clever acts, manages to disappear and to cover up all traces of her whereabouts. Later she crops up in the West Indies as Dr. Noel Leeth, and there the success in her profession which she has so long awaited comes to her. She becomes popular, and as a practitioner she is held in high regard. The romantic element is still further enhanced by an old lover from the States turning up in Barbados, where Dr. Leeth is located. Through a combination of incidents the identity of the supposed Dr. Leeth is suspected by this man, and he follows her to England, whither she goes in ssarch of her health. During a storm at sea, in which their ship is lost, Dr. Leeth confesses her real identity, and the lovers are reunited, only to find a watery grave in each other's arms.

The story is drawn in a straightforward manner, with little or no effort to paint in a background of atmosphere or smart dialogue, and can be read easily at one sitting.

ELUSIVE ISABEL, by Jacques Futrelle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Such is the title of the closely linked short stories by Mr. Futrelle which were first made popular through the circulation of the Sunday magazine. Most interestingly are related the pursuit of the beautiful Miss Isabel Thorne, master mind in a bold plot to undermine and destroy the American government, by a Mr. Grimm, head of the United States Secret Service; the culmination of an exciting chase that introduces the reader to most of the foreign embassies in Washington; the inevitable death of the conspiracy, and a sentimentally inclined termination of the whole, picturing a happy future wherein the fair Miss Thorne is no longer the pursued and Mr. Grimm no more the pursuer for obvious reasons. The book is very entertaining from the standpoint of light reading.

THE VICTORY, by Annah Robinson Watson. Memphis, Tenn.: The Foster Printing and Publishing Company.

Annah Robinson Watson, a Southern lady and the author of several notable books, including 'Some Notable Families of America," "Passion Flower," "A Royal Lineage," "On the Field of Honor," and "The Champion Maid," is responsible for a very attractive volume of poems entitled "The Victory." The poem, or, rather, group of poems, typifies the love theme of the Garden of Eden and follows a dramatic sequence in form somewhat resembling "The Paradise Lost" or "The Inferno." There is a hopeful and reverent strain throughout the book, showing the author to be the possessor of deeply religious feeling. Many of the poems have already appeared in various magazines and are reassembled with good effect.

The book is gotten up in most attractive fashion, with a cover of soft lavender tint with gold lettering, and should make a most acceptable gift book. The following is a quotation of the final page:

COMPLETION.

From chaos to completion—Heaven to Heaven,
Again the chain of changeless love was swung
About revolving spheres and circling suns,
With God the center of the glorious whole.

CHARLES W. ELIOT, by Dr. Eugen Kuehnemann. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Coincident with the retirement of Dr. Eliot from the presidency of Harvard University, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are publishing a notable little book by Dr. Eugen Kuehnemann, professor of philosophy in the University of Breslau, on "Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, May 19, 1869-May 19, 1909." His study of Dr. Eliot's life work is marked by the thoroughness of plan and detail that characterize the work of German scholars.

The first chapter describes in brief the college at the time of Dr. Eliot's inauguration, and then follows an account of the expansion of the elective system in college development and of the growth of the professional schools into branches of the first real university in America. Prof. Kuehnemann then takes up Dr. Eliot's educational and social philosophy, his life, public activities, and personality.

Although much has been published during the last few months on Dr. Eliot and his work, it has been of a journalistic character, and no one has undertaken to put into book form a thoughtful, careful, and dispassionate study of the influence of Harvard's great president on American education. Prof. Kuehnemann has been for two terms exchange professor at Harvard, as arranged for by Emperor William, and therefore his point of view is especially interesting.

THE LOST CABIN MINE, by Frederick Niven. New York: John Lane Company.

A romance of adventure in the far Southwest country, in which the interest centers upon the search for a lost mine and on the character of the principal figure in the story, who appears under the cognomen of "the Apache Kid." Mr. Niven has roamed all over the Western and Southwestern frontier country, and intimates in the beginning of his story that his principal character, although called by the name given a noted desperado of twenty years ago, is not to be mistaken for that particular man slayer, whose "killings" made him notorious from Santa Fe to the Pacific before he was well into his twenties.

THE SHORT CUT, by G. Elliot Flint. New York: The Romance Press.

This is a story of modern life in New York, with a newspaper man as its hero, one Fred Barry. Whatever trueness to life as a picture of the American metropolis the book possesses is offset by the character drawing. To the casual reader it is conveyed that the various individuals who move through its pages are poseurs, including the reporter-hero, who, although in love with a girl of social standing and culture, nevertheless permits himself to be drawn into a liaison with a woman of a considerably lower stratum of society. This in itself is not important or unusual, but there is a little too many of the nauseous details not only of the "affair de coeur," but also as to the mental processes of Barry. In the end, of course, he goes back to his immaculate heroine and the ending is satisfactory. But aside from the fact that the characters act and talk less like human beings than as stage puppets, the book is hardly worth while, for it certainly is not a picture of real life, nor is it a particularly convincing sermon on morality. The tone is one that lends to the suspicion that the book is written to gratify a certain morbidity of taste which has recently arisen and which cannot but do harm to the native literature.

THE LIGHT OF STARS, by Hattie Donovan Bohannon, containing also THE CROSSMANS, by the same author. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

The Southland, in fact, Texas, is the very appropriate setting for this charming story by Miss Bohannon. The book breathes the idyllic and romantic atmosphere of the South as it best likes to be known. The tale is a simple one, but contains great vitality and steadfastness of purpose. The hero, Robert March, is an admirable conception, and is shown in the light of the awakening of a serious temperament through experiences of a quickening nature. Both for its novelty of theme and setting and its fragrant simplicity "The Light of Stars" is a welcome addition to the book shelf.

A MAN WITHOUT PRINCIPLE, by Retsel Terrove. Norfolk: The Hocking Publishing Company.

The story of a criminal who conquered the prejudices of a society over which he was ultimately called to rule.

ARE THE DEAD ALIVE? by Fremont Rider. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

The question that the thought of the world is asking psychical research and the answer it receives.

THE CHIPPENDALES, by Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A closely written book full of matter, amusing from cover to cover.

A DRAMA IN SUNSHINE, by Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

Another of those tales of old California, which tells a dramatic story in a setting of romantic atmosphere.

THE EGOTISTS. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Now comes the latest in James Huneker's galaxy. He has given us "The Inconoclasts," "The Melomaniacs," and "The Visionaries," and now he entertains us with "The Egoists," embracing a number of men who during so-called modern times have attracted by the splendor of their intellects, and yet repelled by some grotesque, vulgar, or morbid twist of mentality, the list including Henry Boyle-Stendal, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Anatole France, Maurice Barres, Nietzshe, Earnest Hello, William Blake, Ibsen, and Max Stirner, a generally eccentric list, with individual cases in some instances not very well known, and in all instances not generally well understood, by the mass of readers, and also, in most instances, they are the supposed originators of some philosophy, vague or otherwise, which has become the basis of some modern cult, which latter seems to be the chief reason for Mr. Huneker's dissertations, and he certainly is successful in throwing considerable light on the various subjects.

Aside from the generally interesting quality of the book, which is really made up of a number of essays hitherto published in various periodicals, there are several remarkable things. One is recurrence in a goodly number of the articles of allusions to a master spirit of other classes, particularly Napoleon and Shakespeare. In the first mentioned, the character of the observations vary from what these celebrities thought or said of the great conqueror to what he thought or said of them; in the latter case they are confined to their estimates of his drama and poetry. Another interesting feature in this day of the supremacy of the Ibsen drama is the author's dilation upon the works of that remarkable man, especial attention accruing to his estimate by reason of his high standing as a dramatic critic. He says: "Idealistic, symbolistic, moral, and ennobling, the Ibsen drama was so vilified by malice and ignorance that its very name was a portent of evil. Mad or wicked Ibsen is not. His scheme of life is often oblique and paradoxical, his interpretation of truths so elliptical that we are confused. But he is essentially sound."

In conjunction with his own estimates, Mr. Huneker quotes copiously from friends, enemies, and contemporaries of his subject, and therefrom comes some of the most humorous things in the books, as tending to show that if some estimates of intellect and genius are as faulty as some conceptions of exact personal appearance, they are of little value except as transient amusement. When a finely executed portrait is exhibited as a frontispiece, and verbal discriptions of physiognomy are given in the text, readers are very apt to compare the two, and when St. Beuve's "turned up nose" of Stendhal is attempted to be identified with the hawk beak depicted in the picture, the result can only be comedy. We very much fear also that the Teutonic, Gallic, or Scandinavic comprehension of the mind and work of Shakespeare is as liable to be distorted by the "mind's eye" as was the physical visual organs in the above instance. In other words, Mr. Huneker, being neither, but rather cosmopolitan, would be most apt to give true expositions of the genius of these men of varied nationalities than would even effusive friend and admirers of the same nationality.

The essays are all in the author's well-known style. Verging perhaps on sardonic humor, and pushing in extreme case nearly to caricature, the style is awkward at times, but always clear in the conclusion. Although the majority of men written about undoubtedly belong to what Mr. Chuck Connors would playfully designate as the "bug" class, there is no evidence that Mr. Huneker has any tendency or sympathy in the same direction. In view of the multitudinous cults springing up, his work is highly educational, but we do not believe, nor do we impute any such belief to Mr. Huneker, that any of them will exert any appreciable influence on human affairs, whether of politics, literature, or social institutions. They are mostly lesser lights. Giants like Voltaire, Rosseau, and Victor Hugo really did the work.

"The Raven, the Love Story of Edgar Allan Poe," by George Hazelton, author of "Mistress Nell," &c. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

LIETRARY NOTES.

"The Fool of Quality; or, The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland," has been reprinted upon specially thin and opaque paper in the new Pocket Library series by John Lane Company. The introduction is by Francis Coutts.

Frederick Halsey, author of that rather unpleasant but witty book, "Fate and the Butterfly," has written a stock exchange society drama, as he calls it, and makes further bid for honors as a playwright with "The Higher Law," which Fanny Ward is shortly to produce in London.

George Donworth, just appointed circuit judge of Oregon, is the brother of Miss Grace Donworth, of Providence, R. I., to whom the "Letters of Jennie Allen" are dedicated.

The Yale University Press has published "The Christian Ministry and the Social Orders," a collection of lectures delivered in the course in Pastoral Functions at Yale Divinity School, 1908-1909. Public attention was naturally attracted to the course because of the fact that in addition to addresses delivered by ministers lectures by union labor leaders, such as John Mitchell and Henry Sterling, were included. Three of these—"Trade Unions: The Causes for the Existence" and "The Work and Methods of Trade Unions," by Henry Sterling, and "The Exposition and Interpretation of Trade Union Movements," by John Mitchell—are included in the volume. The book is edited by Charles S. MacFarland.

Richard Harding Davis has written a novel called "The White Mice." It is a quick, rousing story of love and a revolution in a Central American republic, strictly on the line of "A Soldier of Fortune," Mr. Davis' one best bet.

"Henry of Navarre," recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has been done into dramatic form and produced by Julia Neilson and Fred Terry in London. It is a stirring and vigorous romance of Paris during the eventful month of August, 1572, on the eve of the marriage of Marguerite de Valois to Henry of Navarre, which was followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The story is vividly recounted and the action swift and skillfully managed.

Frederick Orin Bartlett, author of "The Web of the Golden Spider," one of the most successful of this season's novels, is at his camp on Highland Lake, Bridgton, Me., where he does most of his writing.

Little, Brown & Co. have published "The Panama Canal and Its Makes," by Vaughan Cornish, B. Sc., the eminent English geographer.

In "The Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia, 1906-1907" (Yale Publishing Association) Dr. Hiram Bingham, F. R. G. S., who is a lecturer on Latin American history at Yale, recounts the results of an exploration made by him of the route of Bolivar's celebrated march of 1819 and of the battlefield of Boyaca and Carabobo.

As the author observes in his preface, Spanish-American historians have maintained that this march of Bolivar and his army was as wonderful as the more famous marches of Hannibal and Napoleon. It has, however, been almost impossible to form an intelligent estimate of the actual obstacles that were overcome by the liberating army, for the region is not one that is easily visited and the published descriptions of it are very meager. In his expedition Dr. Bingham spent four months crossing the Llanos and the Andes to Bogota, following the route taken by Bolivar in 1819. A map of this, made for the Royal Geographical Society, accompanies the present volume, which contains over a hundred illustrations from photographs taken by the author.

Publication of "Jason," the novel by Justus Miles Forman, has been postponed. Mr. Forman and his publishers, the Messrs. Harper, have arranged for its appearance in the early summer.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in a paper on "How to Endure Invalidism," in Harper's Bazar for June, gives both invalids and well persons much food for thought. Among other good things, she says:

"We may have to force ourselves to learn that invalidism is a dual affliction, and that the patient does not bear the whole of it. There is little enough that we can do for people who have the dreary task of taking care of us. To cultivate a common, human sweet temper is one thing that we can do to offset the obligations under which we exist—perhaps it may be the only thing. It is doubtful if irritability eases sufferings, although opinions may differ about that; but, even if it does, one had better suffer a little more and be proportionately attractive to the people upon whom one is dependent for incessant care and kindness. It may not always be possible, but it is usually practicable for a sick person to be a pleasant one. An irritable word is a poisoned arrow, flying heaven knows where, and hitting God knows whom. We have yet to learn that it does any less hurt because the trembling hand of an invalid bent the bow. It is not in human nature to love people, sick or well, who are continually shooting at us."

Ainslee's for June has a complete novel by Marie Van Vorst which is entitled "A Man Called Collings." It is a story of romantic adventure, of the kind in which the action of events is combined with expert characterization which makes the reader interested in the people and absorbed in what happens to them. The two men and the woman will make a deep impression on every reader.

"The Beautiful Blue Danube" is not blue, after all. In Marie Van Vorst's article—to write which she traveled the length of the Danube for Harper's Magazine—she describes the varying colors of this famous stream as neutral in tone, or light green, or whitish, but never by any possibility blue. Why the composer, Strauss, saw it that color, who can tell? Miss Van Vorst presents the beauty and romance and picturesqueness of the river in fascinating language, and Castaigne has illustrated the article with his customary impressiveness in the June Harper's.

The illustrations in Fremont Rider's "Are the Dead Alive?" are worthy of note. Photographs of the phenomena of spirit materialization having any claim at all to genuineness are, as might be expected, pretty rare. Besides photographs of all the more important investigators of psychical phenomena and the most noted mediums, Mr. Rider has been successful, however, in securing a remarkable picture of the levitation of the human body and several of table levitation, several photographs of alleged "materialization," and a number of interesting examples of "spirit" writing; while among the hitherto unpublished pictures, which necessitated special trips to various parts of this country and Europe, are series illustrating the famous Bourne case of dual personality, pictures of the "Watseka Wonder" case of alleged angelic "possession," and the noted Bertha Huse case of clairvoyance.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. expect shortly to publish, in conjunction with Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of London, Prof. R. M. Johnston's "The French Revolution: A Short History." At the same time they will take over this author's remarkable little monograph on "Napoleon," which may be considered a sequel to the newer book, and which has been so highly praised by the highest authorities both here and in England. In the new book, as in the earlier one, the author's ability to grasp the salient features of his subject and brilliantly present them is again ably demonstrated. Among his seventeen chapters may be mentioned: "The Perspective of the French Revolution," "Economic Crisis," "France Comes to Versailles," "The Flight to Varennes," "War Breaks Out," "The Massacre," "The Fall of the Gironde," "The Reign of Terror," "Thermidor," and "Art and Literature."

"The Englishman takes his newspaper much more seriously than does the American; first, because his newspaper is, as a rule, more accurately and seriously written—certain of their journals, the Spectator and Times, for example, are unimpeachable in their style and temper—and notably because of the wider sweep of interest and the broader horizon offered to the English newspaper reader, due almost wholly to the fact that all the news and every interest of the vast British empire is centered, not in forty-eight different States, but in London.—From "England and the English: From an American Point of View," by Price Collier, just published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mark Twain, in view of his recently published inquiry, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" is sure to be interested in a new contribution to the matter of Bacon and Shakespeare appearing in the latest copy of the (Leipzig) Der Menschenkenner. The author of the article, a woman, Frau Thurn-Kintzel, discusses the Promus manuscript, said to be Bacon's, and published some years ago by an adherent, with illustrations in comparison with passages from Shakespeare. The writer maintains that in reality the handwriting shows the greatest contrast to Bacon's, in height, slope, pressure, &c., and that it was, in fact, penned by the same hand that wrote the Shakespeare Testament and Signatures. The original Promus manuscript is in the British Museum, registered under Francis Bacon's name.

THE SILENT LIFE.

We live two lives; the outer seeming fair,
And only laughter on the surface lies;
Our inner life—no one may enter there.
Where thoughts and hopes are hidden from all eyes.

The lonely days of wild revolt and pain
Then—resignation for the dear dreams gone;
The heart-hopes, half defined, then crushed again,
Make up the silent life we live alone.
—Stella Leerburger, in Gunter's for June.

Anne O'Hagan, who is a farmer when she is in Connecticut, a prominent member of the Women's University Club, as well as an author, has contributed to the number of Smith's Magazine now on the news stands an essay on "Marriage and the Working Woman," which every thoughtful woman should read. The same number contains twenty-four splendid full-page art studies of stage favorites, and stories and essays by such writers as Rupert Hughes, Marion Hill, Holman F. Day, H. Addington Bruce, C. N. Williamson, and Annie Heaslip Lea.

The more daring of European scientists will hardly be daunted by the proposal of Prof. William H. Pickering, of Harvard University, that a gigantic mirror be constructed for the purpose of signaling to Mars. Already the versatile Camille Flammarion, whose book, "Mysterious Psychic Forces," is a piece of special pleading for recognition of the existence of vital forces playing all about us, has given his enthusiastic commendation to the American astronomer's scheme. Cesare Lombroso is still to be heard from.

With the passing of Algernon Charles Swinburne the last of the quartet is gone whose favorite amusement was amusingly described by Oliver Herford in his "Alphabet of Celebrities:"

S is for Swinburne, who, seeking the true,
The good, and the beautiful, visits the Zoo,
Where he chances on Sappho and Mr. Sardou,
And Socrates, all with the same end in view.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, have issued a list of books on gardening, agriculture, forestry, country homes, poultry, horses and dogs, and allied outdoor subjects, which are for sale by that firm and which has a certain timeliness easily appreciated by folks so fortunate as to live in the country.

Maj. Guy du Maurier, author of "An Englisman's Home," the play that startled England, and that a few weeks ago was printed here by the Harpers, is one of a number of British army officers who have written plays. There seems to be something in the business of soldiering, from the fight itself down to the uniform, which lends itself to dramatic attack. Some of the British regiments to boost playwrights among their officers are the marines, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, the royal navy, and the Fourth Hussars. Maj. Du Maurier's own regiment is the Third Battalion Royal Fusilliers, where he is very popular in his command.

GNATS.

Whenever you have met a gnat
And laid him low with hand or hat,
Or fanned at him this way and that,
And cursed such creatures,
I'll vow you've ne'er looked closely at
His salient features.

He has a shrewish sort of face,
A glance demure, with just the trace
Of an impertinent grimace;
Which, after all,
You must admit is out of place
In one so small.

And looking closer, I've descried,
When lesser gnats are by his side,
Or midgets, he assumes a stride,
And never mellows.
He has a most vainglorious pride
'Mid smaller fellows.

The fact that folks, like you and me,
Would notice him at all, you see,
Quite turned his little head, till he
Lost all perspective:
He's quite puffed up with vanity
At our invective.

My son, if you've a pointed pen,
And want to use it now and then,
There are no ways within my ken,
To make Fame love you,
So bad as jabbing fellow-men
Who loom above you.
—Burges Johnson, in Harper's Magazine for June.

The cover of the June number of the Popular Magazine is the latest inspiration of the celebrated artist, J. C. Leyendecker. He is without doubt the leader in this particular style of painting. It is full of real life in color and in action.

The cover of Putnam's Magazine for June shows a Zeppelin airship in flight. The frontispiece is a portrait of Count Zeppelin, and the leading article is an illustrated paper on "The Conquest of the Air," by the famous inventor, who has just completed the greatest voyage ever made in a balloon. Count Zeppelin's article is followed by one on "The Air—Our True Highway," by Lieut. Lahm, U. S. A., who was navigating the Baldwin airship when it came to grief last Monday, Decoration Day.

"A Southerner's View of the South."

Extract from Theodore Roosevelt's Editorial in the Outlook, June 5.

It seems rather queer to go abroad and discover an American author. Two books have appeared in England during the last year or two, named "The Scar" and "The Scourge." They have been a success, not only in England, but on the Continent; for translations have appeared or are appearing in German, French, and Russian. Yet they are by an American, Mr. Warrington Dawson, of South Carolina; and they deal with localities, questions, and types exclusively and typically American. It is not very creditable to us that this American, writing with unusual power of American scenes and problems, should have an exclusively European audience.

Mr. Dawson's stories are laid in the country districts and small towns of Virginia. In each volume a Northerner, in the first a woman, in the second a man, is thrown into intimate contact with the members of a proud caste of provincial aristocrats, who have been slowly sinking under the burden of grinding poverty, whose poverty-stricken lives are both hardening and narrowing, but in whose strongly individualized natures there dwell qualities and capacities of the highest kind.

I have no intention of writing a criticism of Mr. Dawson's two books; but it is worth while calling attention to the fact that this author, who writes with power and interest of vital home matters, has his critics and his audience abroad, but has neither critics nor audience at home. He should have both.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, will soon announce the publication of a rather remarkable book by A. Maurice Low, correspondent of the Boston Globe and the London Morning Post, in Washington. It will treat of the psychology of the American people. The author has been collecting his material for nine years. It is an original undertaking and an unusual subject. National psychology is a new field, and as a pioneer Mr. Low has had to tear down as well as to build up. From the advance sheets one can obtain a glimpse of his purpose and the methods he has used in reaching it. Mr. Lowe is better known as a writer and authority on American subjects in England than in the United States, because he has been the Washington correspondent of the London Post for a generation, and for twelve or fifteen years has had a monthly summary of American affairs and events in every issue of the National Review. In addition to these regular publications he has been a voluminous contributor on international politics and economic questions to other English magazines and is the author of several widely circulated books.

The title of his next book is "The American People; a Study in National Psychology," and, in his introduction, Mr. Low says: "After living for more than twenty years in the United States and studying its political and social institutions, I asked myself whether the American people were a new race with distinct characteristics and a developed psychology of their own, or were simply the modification of a parent stock, retaining the characteristics of their begetting. It was a question that has been widely discussed, but without an attempt, so far as I am aware, to reach a conclusion based on scientific deductions."

Mr. Low then attempts to demonstrate that America has given birth to a new race; that the term "America" to-day is something more than a mere geographical expression; that there has come into being an American nation, for a nation is the product of not one but many things, and there must be certain well-defined elements to constitute nationality. With this as his thesis he proceeds to demonstrate the scientific truth of his assertions. "The psychology of the American people," he says, "presents no miracle and is deducible to exact terms. We have here no unfathomable mystery. There are no wide gaps to be filled by speculative soaring. It is a complex but at the same time compelling study of widening spiritual and mental powers; logical in all its processes, but inevitable in its results."

As the author frankly admits that the history of the American people is a study of a people always in flux, it is the more interesting to note the traits which have already crystallized into national character and their sources. The self-reliance comes as a direct heritage from the Puritan; the utilitarian bent of mind is the legacy of pioneer conditions, which have produced our inventors and won us high place in the mechanical arts, but at the expense of devotion to the purely aesthetic side of life—art and letters being the luxury of the few and not the enjoyment of the many when a people are struggling for national existence.

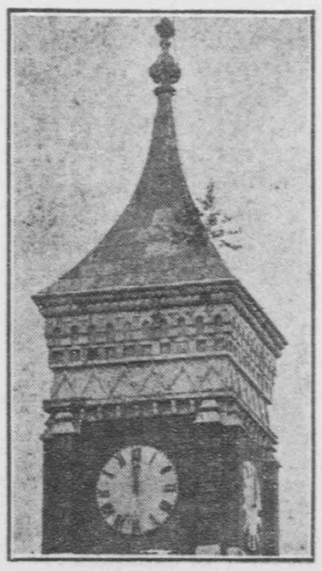
The absence of restraint in the American is discerned to be not a matter of temperament, as in other races, but the effect of absence of convention and finer social regulation, apparent in pioneer life. This admits of interesting speculation as to the return of America to the original English conservatism with the growth of a leisure class.

The mental bearing of immigration upon our national type, aside from the usual social and economic considerations, is another field of investigation.

Where Mr. Low touches the history of the country it is in swift narrative; in fact, the work of the historical psychologist is necessarily ambidextrous, in that on one side he must visualize history as a pageant of climaxes, while at the same time he must slowly unfold the scroll on which is written the reflected notice of these events and the hidden principle of conduct on which national mentality has been rearing itself. Mr. Low's work is replete with evidence of careful research and close reasoning, and calls for serious consideration.

It is somewhat remarkable that the two great classics on America have been written by foreigners. It was de Tocqueville who expounded the philosophy of democracy, and Bryce who introduced Americans to their own institutions. It has remained for another foreigner, also an Englishman, to bring to the American people a knowledge of their national psychology.

TREE ON COURTHOUSE.



Many years ago some sweet-voiced songster, in a hurried flight over the charming little city of Greensburg, Ind., dropped from its beak a winged seed which lodged in a crevice of the courthouse tower.

There, warmed by the sun, nourished by the showers, and cradled by the wind, the little seed put forth tiny roots and frail shoots.

Growing courageous, it added branches and leaves, until it has now developed into a stury little maple tree, ten feet in height.

Not long ago some modern iconoclast determined to destroy its existence, as by its tenacious grasp it was loosening the masonry of the tower. But such a hue and cry was raised for the "Woodman to Spare That Tree" that the idea was abandoned, and the sturdy little maple remains—the pride of Greensburg and the admiration of tourists who visit there.

His Theft Discovered.

From the Catholic Standard and Times.

"I heard Crittick remark," said the playwright's friend, "that some of the passages in your comedy were worthy of Congreve."

"Oh!" exclaimed the playwright, "that's too bad!"

"Why, that surely means a compliment—"

"Not much! It means that he's on to me."

Between Season Gossip

Theater Items of Interest from Here, There, and Everywhere.

Frank Worthing will spend the summer in Scotland.

Lew Dockstader, of minstrel fame, is reported ill in a Denver hospital.

Sophie Brandt sailed on the Princess Alice from New York for Bremen on May 27.

"Florodora" will follow "It Happened in Nordland" in the repertoire of the Aborns.

Gertrude Coghlan will be Robert Edeson's leading woman in "The Noble Spaniard."

Mary Gibbs Spooner has been re-elected president of the Actors' Church Alliance of America.

Mrs. Fiske's tour has been extended, and she will continue to play until the middle of June.

Lillian Albertson, lately of "Paid in Full," has been engaged for the leading role in "Through a Window."

Lena Ashwell has started a subscription for the British Legion of Frontiersmen with a contribution of $250.

"The Bathing Girl," Joseph Hart's production, is now in rehearsal and will be opened in Atlantic City shortly.

Forrest Huff scored a hit at the National Theater last week with Robert Harold May's new song, "Dreams of You."

Campbell Gollan has gone to his home in Gloucester, Mass., and will probably sail for Europe in the middle of June.

Mr. William H. Rapley, manager of the New National Theater, is spending a week-end in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Grace George and William A. Brady sailed for Europe on the Campania last week. They will remain abroad all summer.

Amelia Bingham is playing an engagement at the Suburban Gardens, St. Louis, and recently scored a hit in "My Wife's Husband."

Alexander F. Frank, who is the character man with the Columbia Players, was last season leading man with Olga Nethersole.

The new Cort Theater in Chicago will be dedicated with a new musical comedy, by Stanislaus Stange and Vincent Bryan, yet to be named.

It is reported from London that Beerbohm Tree will play "Macbeth" in his annual Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theater.

The Columbia Players contributed a programme for the entertainment of the Press Club, its members, and friends last (Saturday) night.

Grace Filkins, now playing in "The Third Degree," has been engaged to appear next season in a new play, called "An American Widow."

Amelia Gardner has closed her season with "The Witching Hour" and will rest during the summer, to take up her old part again next season.

Grace Ellison is to be sent out next season as a star by Henry B. Harris, in "An American Girl in France," by Harriet Ford and Caroline King Duer.

Bookings have been arranged for the appearance early next season at the Savoy Theater, New York, of Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie."

George Nash, now a member of William Collier's company, will be starred by Charles Frohman next season, in Augustus Thomas' new play, "The Harvest Moon."

Debussy's opera, "Pelleas and Mellsande," was produced for the first time in England at Covent Garden, on May 21, the production being supervised by the composer.

Marie Dressler purchased a box for the Lambs' Gambol, at Hammerstein's Philadelphia Opera House, on May 2, and donated it to the old players of the Edwin Forrest Home, Springbrook.

Herman Hershberg has been especially engaged for Lew Field's old role in "It Happened in Nordland," next week's offering of the Aborn company at the National.

Carrie Reynolds, a favorite among local opera patrons, returns to the Aborn cast for her original role in "It Happened in Nordland." Miss Reynolds made a big hit here last summer in "The Belle of New York."

Frank Daniels and Mrs. Daniels sailed for Europe on the Mauretania on May 26. Mr. Daniels will look over the European musical comedies with a view to American production.

Contracts were recently signed whereby Al Rich secured from Max Rogers the entire production of "In Panama." Mr. Rich will send "In Panama" on tour the coming season, playing the better class of popular-priced theaters.

Leona Watson, who made such a hit in "The Climax," has signed a five-year contract with Joe Weber, who will feature her in the opera, "The Song of the Soul," which takes its name from the song so prominent in "The Climax."

The admirers of Howard Chambers, the basso of the Aborn Opera Company, will be glad to know of his reappearance at the National this week. Mr. Chambers will appear as Col. Budd, in "The Sultan of Sulu."

Recent engagements have been made by Henry B. Harris as follows: Edna Archer Crawford and Beatrice Prentice, for "On the Eve;" William Herbert, for "The Third Degree;" Max Freeman and Macey Harlan, for "The Noble Spaniard."

William W. Jefferson sailed for Europe on the Bretagne May 27. He will join Mrs. Jefferson (Christie Macdonald) in Paris, returning in August to begin rehearsals for "The Henrietta," in which he and Joseph Jefferson will star next season.

A rumor that Henry Russell, director of the new Boston Opera House, would manage the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, after next season, was denied by Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Mme Marcella Sembrich has canceled her engagements on account of ill health. Some time ago she announced her resolution to retire from the operatic stage and devote herself to concert work. The engagements now canceled included farewell performances in Berlin.

Hans Robert, the Washington actor, has made a big hit in "The Golden Girl," the new musical comedy, now playing to capacity houses at the Princess Theater, Chicago. "The Golden Girl" looks good for all summer at the Western metropolis, and the critics have been loud in their praise of Hans Robert, whom they hail as a successor to Henry Woodruff as jeune premiere of musical comedy.

Ruth Chatterton, whose interpretation of the character of twelve-year-old Claudia in the second act of "Prince Chap" last week delighted the large audiences that attended, made her first appearance upon any stage three weeks ago as Polly in "Merely Mary Ann."

Mr. and Mrs. John Fox, jr., are spending their honeymoon on the old Fox family plantation at Great Stone Gap, Va. The erstwhile Fritzi Scheff has gone in for a rural existence a la Phyllis and Corydon, with all the intensity of her young grand opera temperament.

Miss Retta Roy, of Chicago, who is known on the stage as Miss Irene Gregg, now appearing in Washington, was married to Burt M. Jack last week, Rev. J. E. Ervin performing the ceremony. Those present at the wedding were the following members of the company: Miss Martine, Mr. Burns, Mr. Abrahms, and Mr. Stein.

Julie Herne, whose father, James A. Herne, was one of the most consistent realists of his day, has become the author of a play, "Sylvia," which she styles the love story of an actress, and she herself played the leading role in St. Louis recently. The play is reported to be an artistic success, and is, no doubt, full of that wholesome humor and human interest that her father knew so well how to handle.

Miss Retta Roy and Mr. Burt M. Jack, both members of the stock company now appearing at the Lyceum Theater, were married last Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Dr. Irwin. Though both are New Yorkers, the couple has a host of friends and admirers in this city. They were the guests of honor at a banquet tendered them by their fellow-workers in the company on the evening after the wedding.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore have arrived in New York, and will appear at the Empire Theater in "The Mollusc," as soon as Maude Adams and "What Every Woman Knows" finish their run. Wyndham ostensibly came to America on a pleasure trip, and, incidentally, to see "The Blue Mouse," but the enterprising Frohman forces "nabbed" him and expect the brief engagement of "The Mollusc" to prove the piece de resistance of the New York season.

The complete cast for "The Follies of 1909" is announced by Florenz Ziegfeld as follows: Nora Bayes, Bessie Clayton, Harry Kelly, Annabelle Whitford, Arthur Deagon, Billie Reeves, Jack Norworth, Lillian Lorraine, Sophia Tucker, William C. Schrode, Maurice Hegeman, William Bonnelli, Gertrude Vanderbilt, Rosie Green, Welch Mealey, and Montrose, Josephine Whittell, Mae Murray, J. William Powers, Anna C. Wilson, Elise Hamilton, Marion Whitney, Virginia Marshall, Marjorie Bonner, Edna Chase, Edith Daniels, Bessie Fennell, Ruby Lewis, and Florence Walton. The entire company is now in rehearsal under the direction of Julian Mitchell.

OVATION TO MRS. PICKETT.

Widow of Famous General Talked About Gettysburg.

"The battle of Gettysburg from the Confederate side" was the title of an address delivered by Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett as a part of the memorial exercises of Decoration Day in Tremont Temple, Boston. Mrs. Pickett, being the widow of the brave Confederate major general, George E. Pickett, who led the unsuccessful charge on the Union lines at Gettysburg, is qualified above all, perhaps, to recite the incidents of that battle from the Southern viewpoint.

Her address was listened to intently by an audience which completely filled the edifice and included many gray-haired veterans against whom Pickett had thrown his forces in an effort to turn the tide of battle. The demonstration at the conclusion of her remarks, in which she depended solely upon memory, amounted to an ovation that fairly shook the building, and the expressed enthusiasm was a tribute to whole-souled patriotism. The Boston newspapers speak in highest terms of the address.

In clear-cut sentences Mrs. Pickett told of Lee's invasion of the North, and then of the three days' grapple on the heights of Gettysburg. Coming to Pickett's charge, she waxed elequent with the pride of her husband's gallantry, and described vividly the advance of the 5,000 Virginians under Pickett into the range of the Yankee fire, frequently quoting the words of Gen. Pickett himself. She detailed the charge of the Confederate ranks over a half mile of level ground in the face of canister and shrapnel, and the final desperate struggle up the hill to annihilation. Finishing a most realistic picture, Mrs. Pickett repeated the characteristic words of Gen. Pickett, who, when asked as to the responsibility for the loss of the battle, said:

"I think the Yankees had something to do with it."

LOCAL TEAM MAKES HIT.

Cooper and Zeigler, Burlesque Dancers, Will Go on the Road.

Cooper and Zeigler, the dancing team, that formed such a valuable asset to the vaudeville portion of the entertainment furnished at the New Lyceum last week, are Washington boys. Both of these young men were employed for the past few seasons as ushers in the house where last Monday afternoon they made their debut, and by close attention to the many performers that played the house in that time picked up enough material to form a dancing turn that caught the eye of Mortimer Theise, the burlesque manager, with the result that they are to go out next season in one of the Theise companies.

He Needed Help.

From the Argonaut.

The tramp entered the diaconal council. He had on a long frock coat, fastened closely around his waist by a thorn, and from the flowing lap above oozed out the ends of a much-soiled handkerchief. His closely-fitting trousers, through numerous portals of which protruded his interesting self, seemed to run without any dividing line into the shoe and boot which respectively incased his feet. The deacons had time to note these peculiarities before the stranger broke the silence. "Gentlemen," he began, "your pardon for disturbing you, but I am very sick." He paused after this announcement to note the effect. "I went to the doctor," he soon continued, "and he gave me the pills—see, the pills," and he held up to view a small bottle which he had in the palm of his hand. "He said take these pills, three after each meal, and I would like very much to have some assistance." "Well, why in thunder don't you take your pills, then, and not come bothering here?" interposed a deacon, who was becoming tired. "Gentlemen," replied the tramp, with much unction, "I cannot take the pills; I have no meal." He got the meal.